

My Turn

by Maya The Willow Tree

Category: X-overs

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-05-22 09:00:00

Updated: 2000-05-22 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 18:18:43

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,430

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: (Buffy/The X Files)Years after a horrible happening, Xander, Jenny, M&S learn that some of their friends are still alive. But where? And how have they changed?

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>
by Maya The Willow Tree and Huntress

>
Disclaimer: No ones ours. We own nothing. Don't worry Joss and CC, we will hurt no one. (Except Angel maybe) And we'll return them safely for future episodes and stuff, don't worry Joss. So don't sue us. It's not like we have anything to offer.

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Part 1 by: Maya The Willow Tree

>
READ THIS - Background Story: Xander thinks that Willow, Cordelia and Buffy are dead, because years ago, Buffy had gone into a coma, and the FBI agents had arrived. Willow took (somewhat) Buffy's place, strenghtening herself up because she wanted revenge. Jenny's ghost and Angel's soul (he went all bad again) then helped out against Ivy, the big bad (coming in a prequel). In return, Jenny got her life back, and Angel returned, but he died, aswell as Faith, Oz and some other people (plus the people that were believed dead, i.e. Buffy, Willow, Wesley and Cordelia). The FBI agents made good friends with with Xander and the five of them left (Jenny, Xander, Giles, Mulder and Scully) plus M&S are all romantic. Years later, Xander is all jaded. This is where the story begins.

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PART 1

>
Willow looked around her damp and cold cell. How many years had she spent in this cell? She did not know exactly. It felt like an eternity. It probably was an eternity. She closed her eye lids softly and started dreaming. Sweet yet painfull memories plagued her dreams, like every other night.

>

>
Xander Harris looked at the framed photo on his ebony desk. His mind started to wandered to the year the photo was taken, more correctly the day. The days of his teenagehood. His days and years with Buffy and Willow, the two women which he had loved more than

life itself. His years that took over every one and every bit of his dreams and memories. He remembered nothing else. And tonight was no exception.

>

>
Slowly and yet in a steady pace that defined her simple style, Jennifer Calendar thanked every God she knew yet again for the fact that she could feel. Not the overly feel you get in the throws of passion (well not only, she smirked) but the fact that she could feel the soles of her feet when walking. The palm of her hand when she touched things and even the taste of bad coffee burning down her throat.

>
Walking down the narrow hallway of the library that she co-owned, she opened the door to Xander's overly-comfy office. She stumbled in to the view of Xander watching the picture of him, Buffy and Willow. He lifted his head and smiled at her. A small smile but a smile nonetheless.

>
"Hey" she said and sat down at the other chair. "Hey" was his response.

>
Jenny, Xander and Giles had somewhat fled from Sunnydale when 'it' had happened. It was years ago and neither of the two wanted to remember. Of course that didn't mean that they didn't. After Giles had died, thankfully from natural causes, Jenny and Xander had grown closer. He had helped her through Rupert's death and she, little by little, had tried to help him through the whole thing.

>
"What are you remembering?" She asked, wondering what memory had crawled itself into his mind.

>
He sighed. "The first time we met Buffy. Finding out. That mostly. Remember the whole prophecy thing with the master? That too."

>
"Oh" She said, trying hard to find a way to cheer Xander up. The door opened and a familiar face poked through. Dana Scully walked in slowly, way too familiar to the scene at hand.

>
"What are two up to?" She asked, her voice all too serious. But she brightened up when Jenny and even Xander smiled at her.

>
"Nothing" Xander said, forgetting he ever even attempted to smile at the ladies. His best friends. His only friends. Sure Scully was way closer to Mulder by a lot, but they were all the only one's who really knew how horrible this world could be. Or so they thought.

>

>
Buffy sat down at her bed in the motel.

>
One of her dreams caught up with her. The one of many that brought her back to who she use to be. The ones that made no sense.

>
She did remember some of her life. She remembered her childhood. Well, little tid bits of it anyway. She lived alone and knew practically no one. She wasn't very social either. She worked at the downstairs diner. Her life was normal.

>
But something was missing.

>

>
Willow shifted in her bunk. She wrapped herself in her blanket to protect her from the biting and uninviting cold. The flimsy material helped only little.

>
She had dreamt, this time, of Buffy. Deep inside, Willow knew that Buffy was dead. After Buffy had risked her life to save Angel, she had fallen. And now she was dead. And so was Angel.

>
The scene that played across Willow's mind like no other was the last fight. She had been dragged here, after. And Buffy had returned, out of her coma. They had all fought bravely, even Cordelia. Willow

didn't remember the being dragged here part, but she suspected it wasn't pretty. Nothing was these days.

>
Nothing had ever been. For a long time.

>

>
Dana Scully and Jenny Calendar left Xander alone for awhile. They both knew he needed it.

>
And Xander was thankfull. His mind went back to the last fight. He remembered the last fight vividly. Willow trying her best to fight her way through the demons that surrounded her and he himself was helping Giles and Jenny the soul do the spell while trying to keep some vamps out.

>
Spike and Buffy were doing better. Buffy was still a bit weak, so they partnered. They were killing vampires by the handfull. But then again there were like a thousand handfulls. Evil, skanky Willow and Evil Xander were fighting back to back. They made a cute couple. With the leather and stuff. And Faith was fighting (). That was her end. Her last fight as () snapped her neck.

>
Angel the soul was helping Oz and Cordelia get rid of some vamps. They also tried to keep Angelus still. Dru went to our side after a while, and she helped Evil Willow. They became good friends. And Evil Xander went to help Scully and Mulder who were trying hard to stake a few. They were good for beginners.

>
But his mind went back to Willow. Her strenght as she faced demons twice her size, who had five times her strenght. But she kept on going. Untill she died.

>
Well that had never been proven. She disappeared. And she was never found again.

>
But that was five years ago. So Xander knew she was dead.

>

>
Willow felt dead. Another night had passed. In the cell next to her, she could her Cordelia talking. To herself.

>
Willow had sometimes talked to Cordelia, but after a while, Cordy had gone mad. Beyond mad. She would start screaming, then she would laugh, then she would cry. Most of the time she was quiet. And just sometimes she would talk to Willow.

>
Willow wondered what had happened to Xander. And Giles and Ms Calendar. And Oz. And Agent Scully and her partner. She thought of how they could be dead. All of them. Or they could be alive.

>

>
Buffy walked down the aisle. She looked down at her pad. Apple pie, with custard. Great and she was in *such* a sugary mood.

>
She had had a dream again. The one's that left her scared for days.

>
Well, better go on with the day....nothing better to do anyways she thought as she went to the kitchenette of the small diner.

>
But she never made it.

>
She fell, and a scene played out in front of her. It was a scene that she had never seen before, nor did she remember experiencing it. Some people of the staff and some onlookers came by her side to see how she was. She heard a girl yell at someone to call 911. But Buffy didn't pay attention.

>
She only saw, heard and felt one thing.

>
Angel.

>

>
Maya's Notes: Ok this is one of my first fics and stuff, and to do it with Huntress is a pleasure, as she is one of my best friends

and she rules. So if this sucks, so what?

End
file.